

Collected with a wh. d. t. copy in the Coll. 20

The Lamentable and Tragical HISTORY

OF

TITUS ANDRONICUS,

WITH

The Fall of his Sons in the Wars of the Goths, with the Manner of the Ravishment of his Daughter *Lavinia*, by the Empress's two Sons through the means of a bloody Moor, taken by the Sword of *Titus*, in the War; with his Revenge upon their cruel and inhumane Act.



markell
when I returned
pp. 2
the father
1662
1662

YOU noble Minds and famous Martial Wights,
That in Defence of Native Country fights,
Give ear to me that ten Years fought for Rome,
Yet reap'd Disgrace at my returning home:

In Rome I liv'd in fame full threescore Years,
My Name beloved was of all my Peers,
Full five and twenty valiant Sons I had,
Whose forward virtues made their Father glad.

For when Rome's Foes their warlike Forces felt,
Against them still my Sons and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten Years weary War,
We spent receiving many a bloody scar.

full
Just two and twenty of my Sons were slain,
Before we did return to Rome again;
Of five and twenty Sons I brought but three
Alive, the stately Towers of Rome to see.

The Emperor did make the Queen his Wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadly strife:
The Moor, with her two Sons, did grow so proud,
That none like them in Rome might be allow'd.

then lived in Rome
The Moor so pleased this new Emperor's Eye,
That she contented to him secretly,
For to abuse her Husband's Marriage-bed,
And so in time a Black-a-moor she bred.

Blackamore were
Then she, whose thoughts to murder was inclin'd,
Consented with the Moor with bloody mind,
Against my self, my Kin and all my Friends,
In cruel sort to bring them to their ends.

When Wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my Prisoners to the King:
The Queen of Goths, her Son and eke a Moor,
Who did such Murders, like was none before.

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And the Moor was in the King's presence

So when in Age I thought to live in Peace;
Both Care and Grief began then to encrease;
Amongst my Sons I had one Daughter bright;
Which joy'd and pleas'd best my aged Sight.

My ^{dear} Lavinia was betrothed then,
To ^{as then} Cesar's Son, a young and noble Man;
Who in a hunting, by the Emperor's Wife,
And her two Sons, bereaved was of Life.

He being slain, was cast in cruel wise,
Into a darksome Den from light of Skies;
The cruel Moor did come that way as then,
With my three Sons, who fell into the Den.

The Moor then fetch'd the Emperor with speed;
For to accuse them of that murth'rous Deed;
And when my Sons within the Den was found,
In wrongful Prison they were cast and bound.

But now behold, what wounded most my Mind;
The Emperess's two Sons, of Tygers Kind,
My Daughter ravished, without Remorse,
And took away her Honour quite, by Force.

When they had tasted of so sweet a Flower;
Fearing this sweet should turn'd be to sower;
They cut her Tongue, whereby she could not tell
How this Dishonour unto her befell.

Then both her Hands they basely cut off quite,
Whereby their Wickedness she could not write,
For with her Needle, nor her Sampler, sew
The bloody Workers of her dismal Woe.

My Brother Marcus found her in the Wood;
Staining her grassy Ground with purple Blood,
That trickled from her Stumps and handle's Arms,
No Tongue at all she had to tell her Harms.

But when I saw her in that woful Cafe,
With Tears of Blood I wet my aged Face,
For my Lavinia I lamented more;
Than for my two and twenty Sons before.

When as I saw she could not write or speak,
With Grief my aged Heart began to break;
We spread a Heap of Sand upon the Ground,
Whereby the bloody Tyrants out we found:

For with a Staff, (without the help of Hand,)
She writ these Words upon a Plat of Sand;
"The lustful Sons of the proud Emperess
Are Doers of this hateful Wickedness."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off my Head,
I curst the hour wherein I first was bred,
I wish'd the had that fought for Country's Fame,
In Cradle rock'd, had first been stricken Lame.

The Moor delighting still in Villany,
Did say, to set my Sons from Prison free,
I should unto the King my Right Hand give,
And then my three imprison'd Sons should live.

The Moor I caus'd to strike it off with speed,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my Sons would willingly impart,
And for their Ransome send my bleeding Heart.

But as my Life did linger thus in vain,
They sent to me my bootless Hand again,
And therewithal the Heads of my three Sons,
Which fill'd my dying Heart with fresher Groans.

Then past Relief, I up and down did go,
And with my Tears writ in the Dust my Woe;
I shot my Arrows towards Heaven high,
And for Revenge to Hell did often cry.

The Emperess thinking then that I was mad,
Like Furies, she and both her Sons were glad,
So nam'd Revenge and Rape, and Murther they,
To undermine and bear what I would say.

I feed their foolish Veins a little Space,
Until my Friends did find a secret Place,
Where both her Sons unto a Post were bound,
And just Revenge, in cruel sort, was found.

I cut their Throats, my Daughter held the Pan;
Betwixt her Stumps, wherein the Blood it ran;
And then I ground their Bones to Powder small;
And made a Paste for Pies straight therewithal.

Then with their Flesh I made two mighty Pies;
And at the Banquet serv'd in stately wise;
Before the Emperess, yet this loathsome Meat,
So of her Son's own Flesh she well did eat.

My self bereav'd my Daughter then of Life,
The Emperess too I slew with bloody Knife,
And slabb'd the Emperor immediately,
And then my self, even so did Tims die.

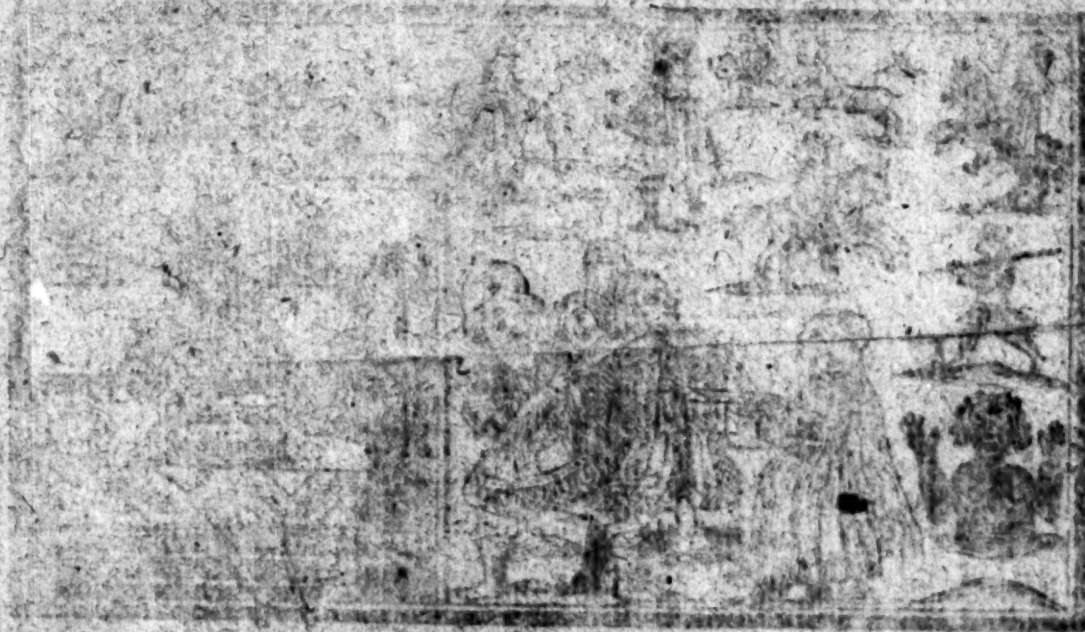
Then this Revenge against the Moor was found;
Alive they set him halfe into the Ground,
Wherein he stood until such Time he starv'd,
And so God send all Murtherers may be serv'd.

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